

J. J. S. Pamphlet No. 7

No. 7

OUR BOYS

IN THE

HALIFAX TO THE SASKATCHEWAN

RIFT

REBELLION

A Musical and Dramatic Burlesque



HALIFAX TO THE SASKATCHEWAN.

"OUR BOYS" IN THE RIEL REBELLION.

A Musical and Dramatic Burlesque,

By Sergt. L. Dixon,

AND SONGS BY

PRIVATES R. BLACKMORE, C. MUNRO, AND S. H. ROMANS.

As played at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Monday and Tuesday, April 12th
and 13th, under the patronage of HIS HONOR THE LIEUT.-
GOVERNOR, COL. WORSLEY, D. A. G., AND STAFF;
HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR and the
COLONEL and OFFICERS of the
63RD HALIFAX RIFLES.

HALIFAX, N. S.
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PREFACE.

On March 23rd, 1885, word was received in Halifax that Riel had, for a second time, risen in revolt. Fifteen years ago the troops, after a toilsome march of six weeks, arrived at Fort Garry, but the rebel had vanished. Then our Dominion, just born, with discordant elements and race prejudices to overcome, had to temporize, and the foul murderer of Scott escaped justice.

Canada occupied a different position a year ago. Those who in 1870 were laughing children in 1885 stood, "the sturdy manhood of a generation," ready for the call. In a month five thousand of the militia, after having passed through bitter punishment from wet, cold, and hunger, stood on the prairie prepared to uphold the flag and maintain the integrity of the land.

On April 3rd, (Good Friday), an order from headquarters called into existence the Halifax Provisional Battalion, 384 strong, consisting of 84 Halifax Garrison Artillery, 100 of the 63rd Halifax Rifles, and 168 Princess Louise Fusiliers, with 32 officers. On Monday the battalion stood on parade waiting marching orders. These came four days later, and on the following morning—Saturday, 11th—the first regiment Nova Scotia had ever sent beyond its borders sped onward with eyes firmly fixed on the path of duty, at the end of which was—what? On that day none could tell.

The Halifax Regiment has no honors to blazon on its colors. Like many a corps in the field, it had plenty of work to do—work necessary and important, but galling to a good corps. Where it was ordered there it went, and those in a position to know can tell whether the Bluenose wished to get to the field or held back.

The rebellion bears on its face nothing but sorrow and loss, yet out of it has grown a warmer attachment for the flag and the land. Provincial and party ties were forgotten; we had become one people. In our journey of seven thousand miles kindness was everywhere met, and the feelings thus created—sanctified by the blood of those who fell—will help in making "This Canada of Ours" a Nation.

Many friends have a desire to see how "The Boys" got on while West. The following few sketches, from the many, have been put into shape to celebrate the first anniversary of the departure of the regiment.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, WITH CAST.

The Major-General.....	Corpl. R. B. Elliot.
Dude—"an untidy sergeant,".....	Lce.-Corpl. E. B. Hunter.
The Deacon.....	Pte. R. Shaw.
Mac—"the Deacon's butt,".....	Pte. H. Macnab.
Orderly Sergeant—"our general,".....	Pte. C. Mylius.
Color-Sergeant.....	Corpl. W. C. Sterling.
Sergt.-Major.....	Pte. R. Blackmore.
Orderly Room Clerk.....	Corpl. W. C. Sterling.
Dick—"Assistant Orderly Room Clerk,".....	Pte. R. Blackmore.
Hospital Sergeant.....	Pte. L. J. Mylius.
Mickey—"full private in rear rank,".....	Pte. C. W. McLeod.
Charley.....	Lce.-Corpl. C. S. Pickford.
Sergeant Picket.....	Lce.-Corpl. W. A. Emerson.
Beauty—"always hungry,".....	Pte. C. Munro.
Dumont.....	Lce.-Corpl. A. Michener.
Natty.....	Pte. S. H. Romans.
Sergeant Fatigue.....	Lce.-Corpl. C. Waterfield.
Jock—"the piper,".....	Pipe-Major Patterson.
H. V.—"that's me,".....	Pte. H. Vogel.
Corporal Sick Parade.....	Corpl. R. B. Elliot.
Jim.....	Pte. J. S. Creighton.
Sutty—"the cook,".....	Pte. J. H. Brown.
Chicken.....	Pte. C. W. Romans.
Rookey—"telegraph operator,".....	Pte. C. W. Romans.
Scout—1st bugler.....	Bugler E. M. Studd.
Bob—2nd bugler.....	Bugler C. W. Kelly.
Civilian.....	Lce.-Corpl. C. Waterfield.
Corporal Guard.....	Lce.-Corpl. J. Mackintosh.

INTRODUCTORY.

SCENE.—*The Halifax Provisional Battalion entering North Street Station. The leading company of the Rifle detachment half way across the stage; the troops in fours, at "The Trail," marking time; the Band of the 63rd "Halifax" Rifles in the right playing "The Girl I left Behind Me."*

*Voice of the commanding officer in the right heard "Forward."
The companies march across, and as the rear exits band ceases.*

(Curtain.)

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Interior of a car on the way to the front.*

Scout.—Let her go Smith.

Charley.—Say, boys, didn't old Halifax give us a good send off?

Will.—Many of the lads behind feel bad at being left.

Deacon.—You bet. Let us give the old corps another cheer. *(Cheers begin.)* Hold on! Take the time from me. Now, all together.

(Cheers.)

Chicken, (waking).—What are you kicking up such a racket for?

Dude.—Why, sleepy-head, we have just been cheering the boys left home.

Chicken.—By George! had I been awake I would have had a hand—I mean a voice in that.

Mickey.—Say, Dick, give us "Will ye No."

Scout.—Yes, strike up Dick.

Will.—Order for Dick's song.

Dude.—Hold up your clatter in that corner.

Mickey.—Go on, Dick.

(Orchestra.)

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

SUNG BY PTE. R. BLACKMORE.

Bonnie Charlie's now awa',
 Safely owre the friendly main,
 Mony a heart will break in twa'
 Should he ne'er come back again.

Chorus.—Will ye no come back again?
 Will ye no come back again?
 Better lo'ed ye canna be,
 Will ye no come back again?

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
 We watched thee in the morning grey,
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,
 Oh, there is nane that wad betray.

Cho.—Will ye no, &c.

Sweet's the layrock's note and lang,
 Lilting wildy up the glen,
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,
 Will ye no come back again?

Cho.—Will ye no, &c.

Jim.—I wonder how many of us will ever see the old town again.

Charley.—There's no telling; but there will be many a sad heart
 "should we no come back again."

Dude.—There is no telling who will get back, boys, but "every bullet
 has its billet."

Mickey, (getting up.)—Yes, and every billet has its bullet, or some
 other unhealthy thing. I am sore already.

Omnes.—"Sit on him. "Let up on that."

Will.—Why, boys, the Sleeping Beauty has slept through all the
 racket

Dude.—Wake him up, Mac.

Mac. (shaking Beauty.)—Hi! Hello, Beauty!

Beauty.—Can't you let a fellow get five minutes' sleep?

Dude.—Why, man alive, you have been asleep for about twenty-four
 hours. You have hardly opened your eyes since we left
 Moncton, where we had that splendid meal of dirty water and
 bread and mustard sandwiches. We will remember that meal
 for some time.

Beauty.—What's the matter then? Is there another meal ready?

Jim.—Another meal! Don't you ever think of anything except
 eating and sleeping?

Beauty.—Yes, smoking. Give me a match, somebody.

Chicken.—I tell you, boys, old Halifax expects us to give a good account of ourselves. Let us remember.

Omnes.—Hear, hear, hear him.

Natty, (waking)—Hello! I say, what's all the racket about—the girls?

Beauty.—Oh, of course, the girls are always troubling you.

Natty.—And something to eat is always troubling you. Let us have a song; try the "Farewell."

(*Enter Fear the O. R. C.*)

O. R. C.—Hold on a bit. Give me your letters first, got to post them at Richmond Junction. Hurry up, boys.

Natty.—Get out, you old fraud. You are always coming along at the last moment.

O. R. C.—I am always ready when I'm wanted, anyway, for it's a cold day when I get left.

Natty.—Well, we want you now. Join in the song, and when you are through we will have ready the letters.

Beauty.—What letter?

O. R. C.—The letters from the girls; violet ink, you know, with all the crosses.

Natty.—Come on with the song.

(*Orchestra.*)

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

How can I bear to leave thee,
One parting kiss I give thee,
And now whate'er befalls me,
I go where duty calls me.

Chorus.—Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Perchance no more I'll meet thee,
Or with fond love e'er greet thee,
The war clouds roll before me,
I go where duty calls me.

Cho.—Farewell, &c.

I'll think of thee with longing,
Think thou when tears are thronging,
And with my last fond sighing,
I'll whisper soft when dying,

Cho —Farewell, &c.

Mickey.—Ha, ha! Look here, boys! I forgot to leave the keys of the safe; there will be fun at the office.

(Enter rear O. Sergt.)

O. Sergt.—Attention! Each man will have on a clean shirt, and have his hair cut close, and any man found cutting his toenails will be put in the cattle car.

(Groans.)

Chicken.—Is this sort of thing to be kept up the whole journey.

O. R. C.—For goodness sake, stop grumbling.

Chicken.—I'm not grumbling; I was only just saying.

(Bugler blows in Dumont's ear, who jumps on seat in excitement.)

Dumont.—Fire! Box 24!

Beauty.—Good, Dumont.

Dumont.—I was dreaming, and thought I heard the alarm.

Charley.—Hurrah for Dumont.

O. Sergt.—Richmond Junction, boys. Now, Beauty, another meal.

(Exeunt omnes shouting.)

SCENE 2.—*Street, with sign "Richmond Junction."*

(Enter left running four members of the H. P. B. with tin pans, looking glasses, whistles, &c. Enter right a drunken civilian.)

Dude.—Where's the train?

Civilian.—She's on the *(hic)* way to the *(hic)* front. *(Party drop parcels in consternation.)* Is all *(hic)* right boys, but *(hic)* she' here *(hic)*.

Dude.—We are left, boys.

Nitchie.—Yes, and it's a cold day for us.

Pevy.—We have only one thing to do.

Nitchie.—And that is to go on.

Dude.—Right all the time.

Civilian.—Shay, soldiers, *(hic)* I like that, *(hic)* she here *(hic)* tell you whaz, boys, *(hic)* shay, have *(hic)* somethin.

Billy.—That's all right, old man. Say boys, *(points to goods)*, our little shopping expedition has cost us dear.

Nitchie.—Yes, it's doubtful if we catch the battalion before it reaches Winnipeg.

Billy.—Then we have to do the gaps by ourselves. Have to go through mud, snow, and slush, live on what we can pick up and sleep anywhere we can find a hole to crawl into, and all for what—for these, (*picks up glass and whistle*) for the consolation of looking at my ugly mug to see if my whisker is leaking and of playing “Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.” Goodness knows I’m paying dear enough for my whistle.

Civilian.—Thaz waz the matter, (*hic*).

Nitchie.—Dr. Johnston said that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. What terrible scoundrels we must be or else we would turn round and go home again.

Dude.—If we did what would the boys down home say we were? But we don’t intend going back for a few months, so let us see about moving West.

Civilian.—Shay, boys (*hic*) if you’ll (*hic*) stay here, I’ll (*hic*) keep you for six (*hic*) months. (*Exeunt soldiers right.*) Well I’m beat (*hic*) soldiers who won’t (*hic*) drink (*hic*). Shay! Hi! Hello! (*Stagger off right.*)

SCENE 3.—*Camp Desolation. A winter landscape at night.*

Col.-Sergt.—Well, boys, here we are at the end of the first gap. My bones are sore yet from that header I took when our team upset.

Mickey.—Oh, you needn’t crow, for a box of hard-tack fell on me.

Sergt.-Major, (in right).—Bugler!

Scout.—Here, sir.

(*Exit right.*)

Will.—Has anybody seen Jock since we arrived? I thought he was finished when their team capsized.

(*Bugler in right sounds “Orderly Sergeants.”*)

O.-Sergt.—Goodness me! there’s that awful Orderly Sergeants just as a fellow was getting thawed out. I wonder what’s wanted now.

(*Exit right.*)

Charley.—Poor old Jock! His first thought was not for himself. Did you hear him yell out, “Are the peeps all right.”

Col.-Sergt.—Yes; what a brick he is. Over sixty, and lamenting for fear he would not be allowed to come on service.

Charley.—He said on the day of the medical examination: “I have been with the lads during twenty-five years of peace, and now that there is danger they want to leave me behind.”

(*Enter right O.-Sergt. and Bugler.*)

O.-Sergt.—Two men for Quartermaster’s fatigue.

Jim.—Confound the Quartermaster's fatigue.

Deacon.—Who is next for duty?

O.-Sergt.—You and Mac.

Mac.—No you don't.

O.-Sergt.—Yes I do, though.

Deacon.—I was on the last fatigue.

Mac.—So was I.

O.-Sergt.—No, you were not.

Mac, (aside).—Stick to it Deacon; he hasn't his book.

Deacon.—Now that's a nice statement for you to make. How do you know? You have only been O.-Sergt. since morning.

O.-Sergt.—Oh, I know you were not.

Mac,
Deacon, } What a whopper!

Beauty.—Fight, ye mules, I hate peace

O.-Sergt.—Now boys, you know you are only bluffing.

Mac.—Bluffing, indeed!

Deacon.—If you gamble, we don't.

O.-Sergt.—Now, I say, let up on this fooling, and come on; the Sergt.-Major is waiting.

Mac.—Prove that it's our turn; where's your book?

Deacon.—Yes; trot out your book.

O.-Sergt.—It's in my knapsack; but I say if it's not your turn go on and I'll let you off next time.

Deacon.—Taffy.

Mac.—To oblige the general, Deacon.

Deacon, (nudging).—Ah, Mac, that's a different matter.

Mac.—Of course. To oblige the general of course we'll go.

O.-Sergt.—Come on, then, boys.

Mac.—Got him again, Deacon.

(Exit right.)

Deacon.—You bet, Mac.

Mac, (to party at fire).—Tell the boys I'm not to blame.

Deacon.—And of me tell the girls the same.

(Exeunt fatigue right.)

Will.—I wonder how the boys left at Richmond Junction are getting on.

Charley.—Poor boys, they must be getting it rough, fighting their way as best they can, hunting up rations and transport.

Col.-Sergt.—Somebody go and hunt Jock up; coffee is nearly ready.

Will.—Yes, Jock must have his coffee. Oh! here he comes,

(Enter left Jock with pipes.)

Jock.—Here I am, lads, safe and sound.

(Cries of "Here you are, Jock," "Sit here, Jock.")

Mickey.—Recline upon this snowy tree,
And patient wait for hot coffee.

Jock.—All right, lads. I am safe and sound, and so are the pipes. I see the cook is hard at it.

(Enter left Orderly-Sergt. and cook with coffee.)

Sutty.—It's a cold day when we get left boys.

(All rush for canteens and cook serves out coffee. Enter Mac and Deacon right.)

Mac.—It's a cold day when we get left.

O.-Sergt.—Is the fatigue finished?

Deacon.—Well, you see the fatigue job isn't finished, but we are finished with the fatigue job, for we saw Sutty start with the coffee.

Sergt.-Major, (in right).—Bugler!

Scout.—Here, sir. Hang it all, I suppose it's that beastly "Orderly Sergeants" again.

(Exit right.)

Jock.—We are going to have a tough night, lads.

Charley.—Yes, Jock, and perhaps a tougher day to-morrow. It's away below zero now.

Will.—Tough night, Jock! I'm surprised at you. We will have a beautifully ventilated sleeping apartment, a flat car, with the canopy of heaven for a roof, the soft side of a plank for a mattress, and a blanket two inches thick made of ice.

Jock.—Oh, I have seen the beautiful sleeping car, and I guess we will pull through just as lively as any of the troops who have gone on ahead.

(Bugler in the right sounds "Orderly Sergeants.")

O.-Sergt.—There it goes again. (*Lays down coffee and runs right.*)

Mac.—Good-bye, general.

O.-Sergt.—You're a gump.

(*Exit right.*)

Beauty.—It's not fair that the general should be interrupted at his meal, and for fear that he might be hungry before this time to-morrow, I will eat it for him.

Will.—Now, look here, Beauty, that's not fair. It's not in the book, you know, and we never do anything unless it's in the book.

(*Exit right.*)

Beauty.—Well, I don't know whether it's in the book or not, but (*finishing coffee*) I know it's in this lance-corporal.

(*Enter O.-Sergt. right and exit cook left.*)

O.-Sergt.—The order is that companies at once get on board the cars.

Omnes.—The what!

O.-Sergt.—I beg pardon, but Col.-Sergts. are at once to get their companies on the—ah—transport, and, deuce take it, I must go without my tea.

Beauty.—Don't let that trouble you, general. I ate it for you.

O.-Sergt.—Get out, you gump.

Col.-Sergt.—Pick up your kits, boys; we will call the roll on board. Fall in. General, conduct us to our sleeping apartment.

(*Enter Will right running.*)

Will.—Oh, boys, you ought to see our major. The colonel told him to get us on board quickly and the major was hurrying the boys up. You know that hole in the road?

Charley.—The deep one full of water?

Will.—Yes; you all know it.

Omnes.—Yes, yes.

Will.—Well, the major was rushing about, and just as he got by the hole he was calling out, "Fall in boys," and in he went.

(*Laughter.*)

Charley.—It's a sorry subject to laugh at, boys, but one can't help it.

Deacon.—If he can't get a change of clothing he will be stiff before morning.

Col.-Sergt.—Forward, boys.

(As rear of company exits right cook enters left laden with tins, and moves right. Beauty enters right running and knocks cook down. Tussle. O.-Sergt. enters right and tries to separate, but is pulled down and pummelled. O.-Sergt. jumps up angry.)

O.-Sergt.—What do you mean.

Beauty, (face smutty).—Why, it's the general!

Sutty.—Why, it's the general!

O.-Sergt.—Get out, you gumps.

Sutty.—Beauty, what did you knock me down for?

Beauty.—I didn't see you, Sutty; I was looking for my pipe.

O.-Sergt.—Come, now, no more fooling. Get on board.

(Both rise; Beauty hunts for pipe, and Sutty gathers up tins.)

Beauty.—I've got it. Hold on, Sutty, and I'll help you.

O.-Sergt.—Will you get on board?

Beauty.—Lead on, we will follow:
 — Tho' my face be sore and smutty,
 I'll stick to you, and so will Sutty.

(Both fall in right, turned inwards. O.-Sergt. passes between; they salute.)

(Omnes exeunt right.)

SCENE 4.—*Camp Desolation; daylight. Trolly party on trolly; four eating, one asleep.*

Nitchie.—Billy, I cry spell O. I am used up.

Dude.—So am I.

I'm all broke up, as you can see,
 A poor old played-out bum!
 Oh, Moses! but I'm stiff.

Billy.—Let her rest a few minutes longer, boys. Give the complicated machinery of the electric motor time to cool off. I tell you, boys, we are lucky to have got this instrument, *(pats trolly)*

Dude.—That was a nice old tramp we had before we reached this spot. If it had not been for the telegraph poles our name was Dennis.

Nitchie.—We were not wild when told that the battalion had started four hours ahead of us.

Pevy.—No, we weren't mad. I felt that it was indeed Desolation, but come on, Billy. Let the captain finish his nap, he was at work all night.

Dude.—I tell you, boys, I was mighty well pleased to find on reaching ~~Carlton Place~~ that Capt. Curren, of the Artillery, was reported left behind. They can't punish us without going for him.

Billy.—Let her go, Smith.

(Pevy and Billy start trolly across stage.)

(Exit trolly right.)

ACT II

SCENE 1.—*Prairie. The General's Inspection. The battalion drawn up in line, at open order, standing at ease.*

C. O., (in right).—Battalion—attention—shoulder arms—general salute—present arms.

(Bugles sound.)

(Enter left the General.)

C. O.—Shoulder arms.

General.—Let your men order arms, sir.

C. O.—Order arms.

General.—SOLDIERS: I need not tell you that I am pleased to meet the Halifax battalion and at finding so soldierlike a body of men representing the brigade of your native city. I was grieved on the breaking out of the rebellion, when the stern duties of a soldier's life became apparent, to read despatches of your unwillingness to defend the flag, but the proof that the militia of Halifax was sound at heart may be seen by the battalion which represents it in this campaign, a battalion proud in the knowledge that there is still left in the brigade many good men and true who were not called, yet who stand steady at their posts ready to obey when ordered. I do not intend to occupy much time, but must say that any person, be he officer, non-commissioned officer or private, who makes money or secures position by his connection with the force and refuses to take its risks—refuses to do that which the meanest savage on earth will do, fight for his country—should have the uniform torn off him, and be driven out of the force in disgrace. In the regular service this would be called cowardice, and would earn on the field a firing party and a wooden box. Soldiers: there is a great and glorious book by

which all alike are governed—you, the common soldier, and I, the mighty major-general. That book is "The Queen's Regulations and Orders." Do not stop to question, obey and find out afterward. Be prompt, keep your accoutrements clean and your powder dry, and promotion is sure to be granted you. To men coming from the City of Halifax, renowned as its people are as a reading people, a city which gives such a glorious support to Libraries and Mechanics' Institutes, and which possesses the noblest City Hall in the world, to men such as you it is not necessary to dwell upon the deeds of a man like myself, but for the sake of example I will recount the various steps by which I have risen to the glorious position of a Major-General in the Queen's Army.

(Advances front and sings.)

(Orchestra.)

THE GENERAL'S SONG.

AIR—"When I was a lad."

I joined the army a raw subaltern,
In the Crimea read the "Guide" by Malton,
The work I did was considered so good
That a very dashing captain soon I stood.

(All)—That a very dashing, &c.

I studied that Guide so carefully
That now I'm Major-General in the Queen's Army.

Chorus.—He studied that guide, &c.

The captain's rank seemed grand to me,
Yet I strove to get higher up the tree,
So I read "Courts Martial" by Captain Clode,
Then a full-fledged major forth I rode.

(All)—Then a full-fledged, &c.

I read "Courts Martial" so carefully
That now I'm Major-General in the Queen's Army.

Chorus.—He read "Courts Martial," &c.

It's true of fighting I had seen but little,
Yet what cared I for such a tittle,
I worked on the "Guide" by Ballantyne
And was made a colonel in the thin red line.

(All)—He was made, &c.

The colonel's position so suited me
That now I'm Major-General in the Queen's Army.

Chorus.—The colonel's position, &c.

Then down in your province by the ocean,
I picked out a farm that suited my notion;
The Bluenose people believed in me,
So they made me a mighty D. A. G.

(All)—So we made him, &c.

This D. A. G. so well suited me
That now I'm Major-General in that Queen's Army.

Chorus.—This D. A. G. so, &c.

After years of study and of toil,
I became like a native of the soil,
And working on "Construction" by Col. Wray
I was made a Major-General on half-pay.

(All)—He was made, &c.

This title, kind friends, so tickles me
That I'm still Major-General in the Queen's Army.

Chorus.—This title, kind friends, &c.

MORAL:

Now Riflemen all lend your ears to me,
It matters not, friends, how big they may be,
Go on with your work, never sticking at trifles,
And become Major-General from the Halifax Rifles.

(All)—And become, &c.

May the Rifles still the crack corps be
When you're all Major-Generals in the Queen's Army.

Chorus.—May the Rifles, &c.

I am fully satisfied with you and will keep you as near myself as I can. I know you want to get up with the 90th, but I want some regiment I know close by me. Whatever duty you may be called upon to perform that you will do. Your country has called you in the hour of her need, and you offer her your lives. Your loyalty and patriotism are worthy of a country with as great a destiny as Canada before it. *(To C. O.)* That will do, sir.

(Exit General R.)

C. O.—Shoulder arms—close order—march—fours—right—quick march.

SCENE 2.—Camp of the H. P. B.

Charley.—I wonder what carried the General and Colonel Macdonald to "The Landing."

Mickey.—Why, you saw them start and know very well their horses carried them.

Charley.—They weren't carried, they rode.

Jim.—Well, they didn't take their donkeys with them, anyway, or you two wouldn't be here; but does anybody know why they went!

Dude.—Not a rumor has leaked out, but it was probably to move the rear of the 7th on to Clark's Crossing and so make room for us.

Mickey.—You may be right.

Will.—I think I know why they went.

Charley.—Let us have your opinion, Will.

Will.—They want to know for sure how much food there is there before letting Beauty go down,

(Enter left Dick.)

Omnes.—What's the news?

Dick.—A telegram from "The Landing." *(Crowd gathers shouting questions.)* Wait a bit boys, but you had better get your kits packed.

(Exit right.)

(Chicken and others rush in left.)

Chicken.—What did old Pen and Ink say?

Mickey.—We had better get our kits packed.

Chicken.—There is some style about that.

(Bugler in right sounds "Orderly Sergeants.")

Dude.—Who saw the order book? *(rushes into tent).* Gracious me! where is that book? I have it! *(Rushes out again.)* Lend me a pencil, some fellow!

Charley.—Now, Dude, there is no hurry; keep cool.

Jim.—Did you say you wanted a pencil, Dude?

(All crowd round tent, right rear, and search pockets, exclaiming, "Ah, yes," "Oh, certainly," etc. Bugler in right sounds "Orderly Sergeants Double.")

Dude.—There goes the double. Let up on this fooling, and give me a pencil.

(Enter Beauty with face covered with syrup, followed by Dumont with two bottles. They take post left front.)

Dumont.—Now, look here, Beauty, what did you drink my syrup for?

Beauty.—Syrup! what syrup! who drank your syrup!

Dude.—I'll catch Hail Columbia!

Dumont.—You know very well you did.

Dude.—I've a pencil of my own, thank you, *(rushes out right followed by shouts of "Good-bye, Dude.")*

Beauty.—What do I know about your syrup. I'm surprised at you accusing your superior officer (*shows stripe*) of "looting." Who ever took your syrup must have had about a quart. I hate syrup. Young man, these hands are clean.

Dumont.—Perhaps your hands are clean but your face is not, you are syrup from your chin to your eyes, (*wheeling Beauty round*) look here, boys!

Mickey.—Jerusalem! what a pet! (*Beauty is spun round by crowd.*)

Beauty.—Hold on a bit, (*smooches Dumont's face*).

Dumont says his syrup I hooked,
And that I am mighty mean,
That his accounts are sadly cooked
His face doth prove, is seen,
The syrup it went back again
For to see the plain receipt.
I tell you, boys, it's a cold day when
Dumont can Beauty beat.

(*Enter right Col. Sergt.*)

Col. Sergt..—We are off, boys; the Dude is now writing the order. Knock off fooling and everyone to work.

Charley.—What! off at last?

(*Enter right Dude.*)

Dude.—Now for it. (*Reads*) "Captains Hechler's and Cunningham's companies will proceed to Saskatchewan Landing at 5 o'clock."

Mickey.—Off the railway at last.

Col. Sergt..—Get to work, boys; get to work. (*Enter left Sully.*) Sully, like a good fellow, knock up a tea as soon as you can.

Sully.—All right. Are you going to get those things up at the store?

Col. Sergt..—Yes, I will see to that.

Sully.—I'll make things hum.

(*Exit rear running.*)

Col. Sergt..—Charley, go down and order back the fatigue as soon as possible.

Charley.—Nice run you are giving a fellow.

(*Doubles out left.*)

Sentry.—Hi! corporal! come back and put on your belt.

Charley, (returning).—A fellow doesn't stop to act the dude at a time like this.

(*Gets belt and exits left.*)

Col.-Sergt.—Nitchie, get a couple of the boys and hunt up wood enough to make a fire at the halt.

Nitchie.—If there were were many jobs like that I wouldn't like them.

(Exit rear.)

Col.-Sergt.—Beauty, go to the shoemaker and get the frogs he is repairing, and beg, borrow, or—ahem—appropriate anything you can lay your hands on.

Beauty.—Just so. You have named the right man. I am so sweet, you know.

(Exit right.)

(Enter left in file the fatigue.)

Sergt. Fatigue.—Party, halt, front, right turn, dismiss, *(party dismisses)*. By George! this is great! What's the real news?

Will.—Hechler's and Cunningham's companies go to the Landing at 5 o'clock.

Sergt. Fatigue.—Bully for the Rifles!

Dude.—Fortune's boys are to be left with the Artillery.

Sergt. Fatigue.—We leave them with a good crowd, anyway.

Dude.—That's so; they are going to strike tents for us.

Sergt.-Fatigue.—Just like the "A.'s," always ready to lend a hand.

(Enter right party of four carrying Beauty.)

Beauty.—Here we are with our "frog's march."

(Col.-Sergt. issues frogs, Sully enters rear.)

Sully.—Coffee is ready; some one come help bring it up.

Beauty.—Oh! heavenly thought! another meal. I'll get my canteen.

(Exeunt rear cook and fatigue.)

Jim.—Come, boys, while we are waiting, let us have some of the Provisional song.

(Enter rear Nitchie.)

Nitchie.—We struck a bonanza in wood, I have a sort of idea that it was in some way connected with the officers' mess, but all's fair in love and war.

Charley.—Give us a rest.

Jim.—Go on Beauty.

THE H. P. B.

AIR—"Been a listenin'."

SUNG BY PTE. C. MUNRO.

Into the Riel rebellion,
 The Halifax soldiers went,
 The mission that they went upon
 Was to crush the breeds intent.

Chorus—Been marching all the night long,
 Been hungry all the way,
 Been working all the day long,
 With fifty cents for pay.

The "medicos" got quickly through,
 And there stood on parade,
 Rank and file three fifty-two,
 And this division was made.

Cho.—Been marching, &c.

The Sixty-sixth ~~one~~ sixty-eight,
 One hundred Rifle corps
 Artillery and Rifles ~~mate~~,
 So the A.'s sent eighty-four

Cho.—Been marching, &c.

The regiment then away did go
 Into the far-off west,
 To face the savage rebel foe,
 And Bluenose courage test.

Cho.—Been marching, &c.

Many a weary mile it went,
 And suffered from Jack Frost,
 Many a curse was upward sent,
 For many a meal was lost.

Cho.—Been marching, &c.

The Recording Angel oft let flow
 A gently falling tear,
 And when to judgment we may go
 The record won't appear.

Cho.—Been marching, &c.

(*Enter Sully and fatigue with coffee.*)

Sully—The baggage teams are coming up, and the captain wants you, sergeant.

(*Exit left Col.-Sergt.*)

(*Party eat quickly; enter Jock playing; men exit to clean canteens and enter again all go to work. Enter left Col.-Sergt. Exit Jock right.*)

Col.-Sergt.—Knapsacks to go on teams with baggage; greatcoats to be worn strapped; everything on the teams; lively now, boys, the general will be here in fifteen minutes. The confounded order read 5 o'clock, it's now after seven, and the teams are only just coming up.

(Stores are carried off and accoutrements donned. Jock enters right, playing, and exits left.)

Will,—Don't forget the band, boys.

Nitchie.—We can't afford to do that with thirty-five miles and a prairie bit ahead of us.

(Whistles, mouth-organs, &c., produced. Voice in left calls "Markers," who double out, followed by all except H. V. and two buglers.)

H. V., (with letter).—Bob, I want you to post this for me to-morrow to Bismarck and tell him I will die game. I had better read it to see that no mistake is made. *(Reads.)*

H. V. TO BISMARCK

Mine friend; I am a German man,
A private in the H. P. B.,
When first I hear de rebel clan
Had rise in mutiny,
Vhy I put on mine uniform
And stand upon parade,
To come out here thro' all de storm
Mit de Halifax Brigade.
The time we had in gettin' here,
Mine friend, I can tell you,
Vas putty tough, sleep anywhere,
And meals were always overdue,
Sometimes, mine friend, and this is true,
One meal a day was all we get,
Yet all the time we onward flew
While we were starved and soakin' wet—

(Interrupted by voice in left calling "H. V.")

H. V.—That's me. I'm coming. I guess the rest will have to keep.
Bob, you post this for me, *(hands letter)*.

(Exit left doubling.)

Bob.—All right, H. V.,
I'll post this for thee.

(Sergt.-Major in right calls "Bugler, sound Retreat." Bob answers "Yes, sir," and buglers sound.)

Scout.—Good-bye, Bobby.

Bob.—Good-bye, Scout, I wish I was going with you.

Scout.—So do I, Bobby. If I never see you again remember me to all the boys, and tell McInnis I died game,

Bob.—Say, Scout.

Scout.—Yes.

Bob.—I have strict orders from Halifax to take care of H. V. I have done so. Now mind what I tell you.

Scout.—All right, Bobby.

Bob.—Watch over H. V. like a father. Should he fall into a gopher hole rescue something belonging to him, if it is only his straw hat and little hatchet with H. V. on it.

Scout.—I swear it.

Bob.—Then forward to your sow-belly and hardtack.

Scout. (to sentry).—Good-bye, old man. Farewell!

Sentry.—Good-bye, Scout.

(*Exeunt buglers left. Scene.*)

SCENE 3.—*Detachment of Rifles on line of march resting and eating at midnight on the open prairie.*

Major.—Hello!

Teamster.—What is it?

Major.—What are you going around that way for?

Teamster.—This road is the easiest travelled.

Major.—How long will you be?

Teamster.—We'll be ahead of you.

Mickey.—That's the third time we have heard that to-night, but they have never been as good as their word.

Charley.—They will fail this time. Come, Will, let us have the Maple Leaf.

(*Orchestra.*)

THE MAPLE LEAF, OUR EMBLEM DEAR.

Words and music, by A. Muir, B. A.

SUNG BY LIEUT.-COL. EMERSON.

In days of yore the hero Wolfe
 Britain's glory did maintain,
 And planted firm old England's flag
 On Canada's fair domain.
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
 And join'd in love together
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
 The Maple Leaf forever.

Chorus.—The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever,
God save our Queen, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

On many hard fought battle-fields,
Our brave fathers side by side,
For Freedom, homes and lov'd ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died.
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never,
We'll rally round the Union Jack,
The Maple Leaf, forever.

Cho.—The Maple Leaf &c,

In Autumn time our emblem dear,
Dons its tints of crimson hue,
Our blood would dye it deeper red,
Shed, dear Canada for you,
E'er sacred rights our fathers won
To foeman we deliver,
We'll fighting die, our battle cry,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Cho.—The Maple Leaf &c.

God bless our loved Canadian homes,
Our Dominion's vast domain,
May plenty ever be our lot,
And peace hold an endless reign
Our union bound by ties of love,
That discord cannot sever,
And flourish over Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Cho.—The Maple Leaf &c.

On merry Englands far famed land,
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our Queen and Heaven bless,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Cho.—The Maple Leaf &c.

{ *Voice of major in the right, "Fall in boys." Detachment does so. "Four's
—right—quick march—march at ease." Exeunt ones right singing and
playing.* }

(*Curtain.*

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The fatigue loading scow. Telegraph office. Stores piled right.*

Sergt. Fatigue.—Just throw in a few more of those bags, boys.

Beauty.—Of course we will. (*Sings, "For we are government mules."*)

Sergt. Fatigue.—This trip will finish the loading of that outfit of 250 teams.

Mickey.—Yes, the whole outfit will be ready to start at daylight, and the question now is will we be allowed to go with it.

Charley.—By George! I hope so; we didn't come all this distance to do the government mule business.

Sergt. Fatigue.—The major is as mad as anybody at being kept here while the boys at Batoche and Battleford are having all the fun.

(*Enter left O. R. C.*)

Dick.—Hello, Rookey, send this despatch at once, will you?

Rookey.—All right, Nitchie. (*Takes despatch and reads aside.*)

SASKATCHEWAN LANDING, May 17th, 1885.

To LT.-COL. MACDONALD, *Commanding Swift Current:*

Men impatiently awaiting orders for Battleford. Loading scows now and teams across river. Teamsters openly express intention to cut loose and run on first alarm, unless accompanied by escort. Wire general's instructions.

T. J. WALSH,

Major Commanding Detachment.

(*Aloud.*) All right, my hearty. You chaps are mighty anxious to test the marksmanship of the ~~B~~eds and Indians.

Dick.—It was something like that we left home for.

(*Rookey enters office.*)

Sergt. Fatigue.—What time is it, Dick?

Dick.—Almost time for "Come for the love of grub, boys."

(*Exit left.*)

Sergt. Fatigue.—That's all she will hold this time boys. We'll haul her round the point and by that time the bugle will blow.

(*Fatigue party starts hauling scow off right. Rookey enters from office.*)

Rookey.—Hello! herring backs! What have you got for breakfast?
Beef all over mud?

Sergt. Fatigue.—No; bully beef, and hard tack all over mould.

Rookey.—The same old bill of fare. Say, what are you going to have for dinner?

Sergt. Fatigue.—The boys were talking of getting you to telegraph to Halifax for fresh cod. Your's is stale.

Rookey.—Smart aint you. Suppose you get fresh fish, how would you use it.

Sergeant Fatigue.—Well you would have to hide for the boys swear to use you for sauce. Say Rookey. Herring bones sometimes stick in the throat.

(*Exit Sergeant Fat. right.*)

Rookey (to teamsters). Thats the gayest crowd, I ever saw. Well may Mr. White say that they work all day and half the night singing songs and cracking jokes while doing so. Come into the office, I have a curiosity to show.

(*Ezeunt omnes to office.*)

SCENE 2.—*The Camp.*

Sergt.-Major.—Bugler, sound "Men's breakfast!"

Bugler.—Yes, sir, (*sounds call*). Do you want me much, to-day, sir?

Sergt.-Major.—No, there is no one to parade to-day.

Corporal of Guard.—The fatigue didn't lose much time knocking off. The boys must be pretty hungry, they have been at it since six o'clock.

Sergt.-Major.—Oh! Beauty is with the party.

(*Ezeunt Sergt.-Major and Bugler 1 R. E. Enter fatigue in file 3 R. E.*)

Sergt. Fatigue.—Fatigue—halt—front—right turn—dismiss.

(*All get canteens, and breakfast is brought in left. Enter running Natty.*)

Natty.—Mum's the word, boys, (*dodges behind tent*).

(*Enter O.-Sergt. right.*)

O.-Sergt.—I wonder where Natty is; I saw him a moment since. I want him for mess fatigue.

(*O.-Sgt. goes round tent, Natty keeping ahead. O. S. returns, Natty following. O. S. looks in tent, then round once more. Natty dodges inside. O. S. exit left. Natty watches, and coming front sings.*)

(*Orchestra.*)

THE MESS FATIGUE.

BY PTE. S. H. ROMANS.

AIR.—“*Bob up Serenely.*”

When the orderly sergeant wants you
To serve on Mess Fatigue,
Which you in superior wisdom,
Deem certainly *infra dig.*

Chorus—Then is the time for disappearing,
Take a header in you go,
And when old stripey off is clearing,
Bob up serenely, bob up serenely,
Bob up serenely from below.

When for officers mess you'r wanted.
Old stripey hunts in vain,
For you as a dude have flaunted,
And trust you may again.

Cho.—Then is the Time &c.

This job your cup overflows.
Helping that O. M. cook,
Wash dishes and peel potatoes,
And after the table look.

Cho.—Then is the time &c.

On wood and water fatigue,
You whistle “Old Black Joe,”
But may the mess trot out a nig.
When we next on service go.

Cho.—Then is the time &c.

With officers slush you's taunted.
Of militia its the bane,
And no dude wants to be haunted.
By slush on next campaign.

Cho.—Then is the time &c.*(After singing of song canteens gathered up and pipes filled)**Sergt. Fatigue.*—Fall in the fatigue.*Mickey.*—Here come the cripples, boys.*Sergt. Fatigue.*—Number, (*party numbers*), right turn—quick march.*(Exit party right singing. Enter rear Corpl. and five sick ; burlesque.)**Corpl. sick.*—Right wheel—halt—front—dress.*(Enter 1 R. E. Hos. Sergt.)**Hos. Sergt.*—Five—ah, yes—um—ah—let me see, (*to first man*), what ails you?

No. 1.—I have a stiff neck.

Hos. Sergt.—Ah, yes um—let me see—oh, certainly—(*seizes patient by head and shakes it, patient screams*)—um—ah, yes—genuine—stiffabus neckabus—treatment, take these pills, one before each meal, and a powder afterwards. What's next?

No. 2.—A mule gave me a kick on the shin.

Hos. Sergt.—Why didn't you give it back to him? What do you say? You don't like family feuds? (*No. 2 mutters.*) Silence! Don't contradict me! Let me see. Ah—um—oh certainly. These pills will do for you. What's next?

No. 3.—Well, sir, oh! oh! oh! I have got, oh! oh!

Hos. Sergt.—Silence, sir; how dare you play with me! What's the matter with you?

No. 3.—Toothache, sir, oh! oh! and earache.

Hos. Sergt.—Ah, yes; oh, certainly; dont mention it; (*patient dances*), keep cool my good man, bear your infirmities like a soldier. Toothacheabus—ah, yes—um—oh, certainly. These pills every half hour. (*To No. 4*), What's wrong with you?

No. 4.—I strained my back, am deaf, and have river fever.

Hos. Sergt.—Nothing like a pill; take these. Now last man, not much the matter with you; my medical knowledge tells me that.

No. 5.—I strained my arm lifting sowbelly—bruised my foot on the scow, two of my ribs are cracked by a kick from a mule. I have headache, rheumatism, and am nearly broken-hearted, because I have not had a letter from my girl for two weeks.

Hos. Sergt.—Ah yes, oh certainly. Complicatabus conglomeratabus, ah yes, oh certainly, take these pills. Remedies never failing, when followed by exercise. Now I have a word to say to you. The sick have been watched for the past week, and I find that they have been acting in a very curious manner, one who had rheumatism so bad that he had to be fed with a spoon went to the river and washed his clothes. Two others paddled across the river in a dug out, and then went riding on. Kiouses, and last night the whole of them took part in the foot races and base ball match. Every Hospital Sergeant can proudly proclaim the wonderful cures that have been effected by the pills and powder used in this campaign, but there is something more than wonderful in these cures. Let me see, oh yes, certainly. Now as to diet. Do not eat turkey (*sick, we want sir*) or game of any kind (*si k, no sir*) keep clear of puddings and pies, (*sick, we will sir*) brandy and limejuice (*sick, rush forward, yes sir*). How dare you, stand at attention (*sick fall in*). You surely were not simple enough to think that I was going to issue brandy, (*sick sadly shake their heads*). Confine yourselves strictly to the health giving diet of that delicious fat bacon,

and the delicate hard tack. In regard to this hard tack. It was specially prepared for the troops out of wheat which had been splendidly frozen, and there is also another special feature about this hard tack. With a wonderful knowledge of your needs it was not foolishly kilndried, but was packed hot from the oven into soft wooden boxes, and this foresight has materially helped in the formation of that health giving mould which you find all through it, therefore be careful not to rub that mould off as it is very wholesome, although its properties are beyond your intellectual powers. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, detained. No. 5, you are for duty. That will do for to-day.

Corpl. Sick Party.—Attention. Right about turn. Quick march.

Hos Sergt.—Corporal.

Corpl. Sick.—Sick, halt, front, dress.

Hos. Sergt.—Let me see. After mature deliberation, I think you had better march the sick down, seeing that exercise is good—and place them at work on fatigue.

(*Exit Hospital Sergeant right.*)

Corpl. Sick.—Sick. Attention. Right turn. Quick march.

(*Exeunt. Scene.*)

SCENE 3.—*River bank; a party washing clothing.*

Natty.—I thought we were going to have some fun last night when the alarm sounded.

Mickey.—Yes, and it all wound up in the arrest of that soft-headed teamster, Jack, who teams for Curry Bros. He got a bed in the guard tent for prowling around without the password.

Dude.—Well, I thought it was teamsters rebelling against going to Battleford, for that was a lively meeting they had yesterday.

Deacon.—I didn't know what the racket was, for the bugler's shout acted as a kind of "Git thar", Eli," and no one stood on the order of his going but went.

Sergt.-Major.—The teamsters would have felt a good deal worse had they known that a band of Poundmaker's Indians came within fifteen miles of them. Say, the big darkey they call the "general" was at the meeting and made a speech. He said: "Look here, you teamsters, you stan' talkin' an' talkin' 'bout what you's goin' to do an' what you's not goin' to do, till de fust ting you know old Pawnbroker be down on top of yous an where am yous den--um--gobbled up."

Charley.—There may be chances yet for many to turn up their toes to the daisies before the fun is over.

(*Bugler in distance sounds "Tea Bugle."*)

Beauty.—Time enough to fight, boys, when the fighting comes; the alarm I like best has just sounded, for I am a ration—al creature.

Dumont.—What's for tea?

Mac.—Tea and hardtack.

Beauty.—That's what we had for dinner.

Mickey.—No, it's not; we had hardtack and tea.

Mac.—Oh, Moses! fifty cents a day and found dead on the prairie.
Let us have "Hardtack," boys.

(*Orchestra.*)

HARD-TACK COME AGAIN NO MORE.

AIR—"Hard Times come again no more."

SUNG BY CORPL. W. C. STIRLING.

There's a song of the flat-foot who toils as best he may,
On the river Saskatchewan's shore;
Though his voice might be merry he's groaning all the day,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Chorus.—'Tis the moan, the groan of the weary,
Sung in the tent and about the door,
Every day it is murmur'd in tones sad and dreary,
Oh! Hardtack come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that does echo across the camping ground,
To the man with the rations in his store;
'Tis a wail that is sounded for many miles around,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Cho.—'Tis the moan, &c.

As the bottom of a dry dock by the troubled wave,
There's nothing I assure you better for;
'Tis the thing that will linger till the last trumpets stave,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Cho.—'Tis the moan, &c.

If you wish to make a building, a fine City Hall,
Or headstone a baker would put o'er;
'Tis the thing that is wanted but as rations we all bawl,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Cho. 'Tis the moan, &c.

If you wish to finish "injuns" it will them quickly slay,
And dead "injun's" safest I am sure;
'Tis the plan to lower taxes we groan at every day day,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more,

Cho. 'Tis the moan, &c.

Oh! the song that will linger for ever on our ears,
 Outliving the mother-in-law;
 Is the wail of the hungry the veteran volunteers,
 Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Cho. 'Tis the moan, &c.

(*Omnes Exeunt right.*)

CAMP SCENE.—*Evening. Two tents rear. Sentries rear and right.
 Men sewing, reading, writing, smoking, &c.*

Sergt.-Major.—Bugler! Sound "Retreat."

(*Bugler sounds call.*)

Scout.—Here comes the picket, boys.

(*Enter the picket, left, in file.*)

Corporal of Guard.—Leave us a lock of your hair, Sergeant.

Charley.—I'll tell the boys you died game.

Mac.—Say, don't kill any dead things.

Sergt. Picket.—Halt—front. Now go on with your chaff. It's your turn, and we are prepared for it.

Deacon.—What a lovely night you have for outpost.

Corporal of Guard.—When the rain comes in a couple of hours think of the boys doing the grand snore act. (Snores.)

Sergt.—Before we go let us have a turn at the crank for a moment.

(*Advances front and sings.*)

(*Orchestra.*)

A SOLDIER'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

AIR—"Policeman's Lot," (*Pirates of Penzance*)

SUNG BY LIEUT.-COL. W. A. EMERSON.

When the bugle wakens sleepers in the morning,
 Calling up the "mules" their days' work to begin,
 'Tis then they scorn the parson's well known warning,
 And loudly swear altho' they know 'tis sin.
 Then on the scow their temper they don't smother,
 Fighting 'gainst the current isn't fun,
 Taking one consideration with another,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.
 When the scow upon the river's to be run,
 The soldier's lot is not a happy one.

When the Captain of the Day is treating strangers,
 And having royal times within his tent,
 'Tis then the sentry, like the prairie rangers,
 Smokes cautiously for fear of 'baccy's scent.
 Many serving officers differ from each other,
 And the sentry to Regina might be run,
 Ah, take one consideration with another,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.
 When outpost in the rain is to be done,
 The soldier's lot is not a happy one.

When you labor hard all day upon the river,
 Looking forward to an evening's quiet fun,
 In fearful rage Dumont you would disserve
 On finding that for outpost you are run.
 With great delight each rebel you would smother,
 Or stiffen with your clumsy Snider gun,
 Ah, take one consideration with another,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.
 When Dumont from the battlefield has run,
 This soldiering at "The Landing" isn't fun.

To Picket.—Attention—right turn—quick march.

Deacon.—Fare the well, loved one.

(Exit Picket, right.)

Mac.—We'll remember you, love, in our dreams.

Sergt.—Fire away, boys. It's your turn to-night; but every dog will have his day, you know.

Charley.—You have a night thrown in.

Sergt.—No, I haven't; I am thrown out for a night. Pleasant dreams, boys.

(Exit right.)

Omnes.—Good night.

Jim.—Let us have another song, boys; strike up the "Valley."

(Orchestra.)

THE RED RIVER VALLEY.

Dedicated to "The Second Scottish Rifle Co.," by ladies of Winnipeg.

SUNG BY PTE. L. J. MYLIUS.

'Tis a long time, you know, I've been waiting,
 For those words that you never did say,
 But, alas! now my fond heart is breaking,
 For they say you are going away.

Chorus.—Then consider awhile e'er you leave me,
 Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
 But remember the Red River Valley,
 And the maiden whose heart beats for you.

From this valley they say you are going,
 I shall miss your bright eyes and gay smile,
 And the sunshine that on me is glowing,
 Which brightened my pathway awhile.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

Remember the valley you are leaving,
 How lonely and dreary it will be,
 Remember the heart you are breaking,
 And be true to your promise to me.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

As you go to your home by the ocean,
 May you never forget the sweet hours,
 We spent in the Red River Valley,
 Or the love we exchanged 'mid its bowers.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

Oh! there never could be such a longing
 In the heart in a young maiden's breast,
 As lives in my heart which is beating
 With love for the boy who came west.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

The western maid prays for her lover,
 To the spirit who rules o'er the world,
 May sunshine his pathway e'er cover,
 Give his griefs to the Red River girl.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

(At the conclusion of song sentries relieved.)

Deacon.—Come, boys, on with the dance. Mac, you are next.

THE SASKATCHEWAN GUARDS' LAMENT.

BY PTE. C. MUNRO.

Sung by Pte. H. Macnab.

Here we suffer grief and pain,
 Over ice and snow we came
 Three thousand miles and more.

Chorus.—Oh, boys, ain't it mournful,
 Mournful, mournful, mournful,
 Oh, boys, ain't it mournful,
 We came out here in search of gore.

They only gave us one suit of clothes,
 When we'll get any more dear only knows,
 Away out here in the West.

Cho.—Oh, boys, &c.

They only gave us one meal a day,
 The rest we took out of government pay,
 No allowance was made for more.

Cho.—Oh, boys, &c.

Each of us thought when we came away
We'd be called upon in many a fray,
Away out here in the West.

Cho.—Oh, boys, &c.

On a Sabbath day we loaded the punt,
In expectation of going to the front,
But we didn't get there at ail.

Cho.—Oh, boys, &c.

Soon, perhaps, we home will go,
But nary a scalp have we to show
Of "Injun" we killed in the war.

Cho.—Oh, boys, &c.

(Bugler in left sounds "First Post.")

Mickey.—Well, that was a nice comfortable job we had yesterday—
from six in the morning till half-past eleven at night.

Dumont.—Lovely work for Sunday.

Deacon.—Necessity knows no law.

Charley.—What nice Sunday clothes we had on. Say, if the folks
down home could have seen us they wouldn't think we were
part of the crowd that sports standing collars and canes.

Muc.—Had we been home what would we have been doing?

Natty.—Why, you would have been in the Gardens mashing and I
would have been to Sunday Scho—

Omnes.—Yes, you would.

Natty.—Well, I said I would.

(Enter left Sergt.-Major.)

Sergt.-Major.—I'll tell you where he would have been, boys. Stand-
ing about Round Church till a policeman told him to "Move
at the corner now." I would like to turn in now instead of
going for a tramp, for I am so tired I could go to sleep standing.

Jim.—That's a standing lie.

Mickey.—Oh! he lies standing or lying.

Natty.—Yes; or sleeping or waking.

Sergt.-Major.—Good evening. Had I thought that the exigencies of
war would necessitate my associating with—ah—gentlemen of
your courtesy, e'er I had allowed one scintilla of a patriotic
thought to permeate the interstices of my peri-cranium I would
have applied for a discharge, for such a heterogeneous conglom-
eration—

(Interrupted by cries, and exits right. Enter rear Corpl of Guard.)

Corpl. of Guard.—A buckboard with a mail, boys.

(Party rushes out rear shouting and return carrying Dick and mail bag. Dick exits 2 R. E., party gathers right.)

O.-Sergt.—Hurry up, Dick.

Scout.—There's nothing for you this time, general.

Mac.—Where is H. V.

H. V.—H. V., that's me. I am everywhere.

Deacon.—Quite a mistake, Beauty, this is mail time not meal time.

Beauty.—No it's not, it's female time.

Chicken.—Don't be all pight, Jim.

Jim—(Heer up, Scotty, there may be something for you.

Chicken.—It's a cold day when the orphans get left.

(“Last Post” sounded. Enter right Dick.)

Dick.—Keep cool, boys. I hold in my hand the fate of many a mule. In a few moments some of you will be smiling as broadly as you have seen Beauty when his eye lights on slapjacks and syrup.

Beauty.—Come on, Dick. serve them out.

Dick.—The slapjacks you mean. Quite a mistake; I am not the cook. To continue, the other mules whose girls have gone back on them will feel like going behind the hospital tent and kicking themselves. Take my advice and save the kicks till you get back to Halifax and hunt up the other fellow. With these few remarks I surrender you your tidings of comfort and joy.

(The mail is then issued and “Lights Out” sounded.)

Dick.—The mail goes at four o'clock, boys

(Sentry in rear, orders lights out, and dispute ensues light finally extinguished. Deacon enters from tent, Sentry right challenges, after which Deacon goes rear.)

H. V.—Halt! who comes there?

Deacon.—Friend.

H. V.—Advance friend! throw up your hands!

Deacon.—Its all right H. V.

H. V.—Throw up your hands.

Deacon.—By George! he means business. (*Hands up.*) Say H. V. keep your finger off the trigger, that gun might go off, you know.

H. V.—Oh! its you Deacon, all right.

Deacon.—Put your head in soak it is a put up job among you fellows.

(*Returns to tent and door fastened; calls on occupants who all snore; finally crawls under the tent all quiet. Enters Charlie from tent and sings.*)

(*Orchestra.*)

THE FLAG AND HOME.

AIR.—“*Old Folks at Home.*”

SUNG BY LIE-CORPL. PICKFORD.

Way out upon the open prairie,
The Rifles roam,
And every lad while resting weary,
Dreams of his Bluenose home;
Oh! sea that is thy margin laving
Town far away.
Oh! flag that's on thy hill-top waving,
Down where our old folks stay.

Chorus.—Though to-morrow I lay dying,
To the lads I say,
Oh, brothers, keep the flag still flying,
Let it o'er the country stay.

So fondly now doth memory tingle,
Hearts beating time;
That every soul doth sweetly mingle,
In love and honors chime,
In thought to thee I'm ever turning,
Home far away.
And love is ever constant burning,
Brighter by night and day.

Cho.—Though to-morrow, &c.

Foes now within our land are swarming,
Its life to slay,
Yet for the flag our love is warming,
It o'er the land must stay,
So we will crush out all disorder,
Treason will lay.
And make the lines of freedom broader,
The flag o'er our land must stay.

Cho.—Though to-morrow, &c.

(*Curtain.*)

TABLEAU.—*Detachment—Four Deep, Prepared for Cavalry.*

CEDE NULLIS.

AIR.—“*The Old Brigade.*”

BY PRIVATE R. BLACKMORE.

Where are the boys of the Sixty-Third
 Who drilled with us side by side?
 Shoulder to shoulder was ever the word
 Down by Chebucto's tide;
 Those who fear not battle's roar,
 Riflemen trusty and true,
 We are but part of the dark green corps,
 Where are the lads we knew?
 Then steadily shoulder to shoulder.
 Heads erect, boys, firmly tread,
 Bravely we'll hold CEDE NULLIS,
 Or sleep with our country's dead.

Chorus.—Then steadily shoulder to shoulder,
 Heads erect, boys, firmly tread,
 Bravely we'll hold CEDE NULLIS,
 Or sleep with our country's dead.

Over the hills far away they wait,
 Far from the sound of strife,
 Waiting to hear of each comrade's fate
 Who offers the land his life.
 Not in our serried ranks they stand,
 But they'll obey the call,
 And well we know that each comrade's hand
 Will hold our flag if we fall.
 Then steadily shoulder to shoulder,
 Heads erect, boys, firmly tread,
 Bravely we'll hold CEDE NULLIS,
 Or sleep with our country's dead.

Cho.—Then steadily, &c.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

(Curtain.)

OMITTED IN CAST:

Nitchie.....Lee-Corpl. F. R. Brown.

MANAGEMENT.

Chairman.

MAJOR WALSH.

Medical Conductor.

W. HARRY WATTS.

Stage Management.

SERGT. L. DIXON, PVTE. C. W. MYLIUS.

Secretary-Treasurer.

LIEUT. BUTLER.